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Commonweal

The Uninteresting Future

by Russell Kirk

Apartheid and the Church

by Sean Boud

Literary Counter-Revolution

by Thomas Weyr

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"...Did I Miss the Boat?..."

A letter and an answer.

THE LETTER:

Gus Tyler, Director
Training Institute
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
1710 Broadway
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Tyler:

I just read your appeal to young people in The Commonweal. I wish I had read it in time. I see you have an April 15th deadline for application. I wanted to apply. I believe in the labor movement. I would like to take advantage of your year's full time training to take a position with your union. While there are many types of work I could handle, some of them financially rewarding, I would prefer a job with a challenge—and with a purpose. Many people of my age feel the same way. Have I missed the boat by not writing sooner?

Virginia M . . . . .

THE ANSWER:

Dear Miss M . . . . .

Ordinarily you would have missed the boat since our classes start in June. This year we start in September so you may still apply.

The school is open to both men and women between the ages of 21 and 35. The course is a mixture of field and classroom work, combining theory and practice. If you complete the course, you will be placed on the staff of the ILGWU to organize, handle grievances, educate, write—to make maximum uses of your talents in our large organization servicing more than 450,000 workers.

We will be accepting applications until August 1.

Gus Tyler, Director
ILGWU Training Institute
1710 Broadway
New York 19, N. Y.

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

THE SUMMIT conference has blown up in our faces. The gingerly movement toward at least some sort of East-West agreement—on disarmament, nuclear controls, the negotiation of differences—has suddenly been halted. More than that, it has been reversed.

In the space of a couple of weeks the prestige of the United States throughout the world has been severely damaged; confidence in the President overseas has been, for the first time, seriously shaken; the neutralist nations are more distrustful of the West than ever; the usefulness of U.S. bases in Europe and elsewhere has been impaired; militarists on both sides of the Iron Curtain are exerting stronger pressures on the determination of foreign policy; the possibility of progress in disarmament and nuclear control has been diminished; the possibility of "hot war" has been increased.

Under these circumstances, it would seem to be obvious that the nation should take stock of its situation, that it should seek to understand the causes for its setback and to repair the damage it has suffered. Before we can try, try again, it would seem, it is necessary to understand what went wrong, and how and why.

These conclusions would seem to be obvious, as we said, but they have not come to pass. Most of the nation's newspapers have treated the disaster in Paris as a kind of triumph for President Eisenhower and the West generally. The facts of the situation have been ignored; all that matters, in America's new politics of public relations, is the "image" left in the public mind. Premier Khrushchev behaved outrageously; he was crude, violent, insulting. His public image has been damaged, and that's bad for his side. President Eisenhower behaved with dignity and restraint; he was courageous and manly. His public image remains favorable, and that's good for his side. It's a simple matter of checking the ratings.

We refuse to believe that foreign policy is a commodity like soap, that packaging and promotion can substitute for coherence in a nation's international objectives and competence in executing these objectives. The fact that Premier Khrushchev overplayed his hand—a good one, by the way, and dealt to him by President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Herter—was fortunate for the West, in terms of world public opinion, but it did not change the situation of Berlin, the vulnerability of the off-shore islands in the China Sea, the burden and the danger of the nuclear superweapons. The bad press Mr. Khrushchev received and the good press Mr. Eisenhower received have no bearing on the confusion and incompetence revealed in our administrative system by the bungling of the U-2 incident.

AND YET national commentators assure the American people that nothing is changed, and if it is, the change is for the better. Adlai Stevenson made the exactly correct observation that Mr. Khrushchev had wrecked the conference but that the Administration had given him the means to do it, and political uproar ensued. The "old" Richard Nixon leaped forward to offer the Democrats a pair of resounding, if irrelevant, alternatives: did they advocate a gap in our intelligence or did they believe the President should have apologized to Mr. Khrushchev?

The Democratic Advisory Council echoed Mr. Stevenson's criticism of the Administration, but Congressional leaders Johnson and Rayburn dissociated themselves from an action which might be construed by the American consumer as "partisan." Former Democratic National Chairman

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James A. Farley went further: he said any criticism of the Administration's handling of the U-2 affair was "unwarranted." He called Mr. Stevenson an "apostle of appeasement" and termed his speech "absurd."

These are the terms of the question—presumably the only question—now so passionately debated: is it lawful (rather, politically profitable) to criticize the President? However it is resolved, it seems unlikely that such a furor of irrelevancies will leave much time for a consideration of the real questions raised by the recent fumblings in our foreign policy.

Meanwhile, Republican chieftains are reported to be undecided whether the Party should run on a "peace" issue or a "war" issue. They are waiting to test the psychological state of the country. As for the President, after his triumphant return to Washington he went to Gettysburg, got in eighteen holes of golf and at church on Sunday was edified by a sermon which included praise for himself. The theme of the sermon, happily, was "Why Worry?"

"L'OSSERVATORE" ON POLITICS

LAST WEEK, in discussing the results of the West Virginia primary, we pointed out that John F. Kennedy believed the "religious issue" had been disposed of, and we noted with sympathy the difficulties the Senator had until then faced on this matter: "caught as he sometimes was between the criticism of Catholics and the criticism of Protestants, he must frequently have felt as if he were being offered up to the gods of history." Hardly had our comments appeared, however, when an unsigned *L'Osservatore Romano* editorial on the Church and politics put Senator Kennedy back on the griddle again.

American Catholics, of course, can and should try to put the matter in a reasonable context. They will point out that the importance of the article in question is being exaggerated in this country, where *L'Osservatore Romano* is sometimes described as being "the voice of the Pope"; however seriously American readers may take the Vatican newspaper, there surely would be general agreement that this description is too sweeping and unqualified to be anything but misleading—a conclusion unaffected by the standard newspaper practice of citing unnamed "Vatican sources" as terming the article "authoritative" or "semi-official," whatever the latter term may mean. Then, too, Catholics should emphasize that not only Catholics but all religious men would have to agree that there can be no "split of conscience between the believer and the citizen"; to say that one's beliefs have nothing to do with one's life as a citizen would amount to a public embrace of secularism, a position as intolerable in politics as it is in any other area. Further, it should be pointed out, as the article itself noted, that the remarks in *L'Osservatore* were aimed especially at the "agitation" inside Italy for a political deal between the Christian Democrats and Nenni's fellow-traveling Socialists, and that the only example cited in the article to prove that politics sometimes "touches the altar" was specifically on this question of collaboration with Marxists.

All this, we think, is true enough, and it needs to be said. And yet there is at the same time no denying the fact that the article in *L'Osservatore Romano* represented a serious—and, to our mind, quite unnecessary—embarrassment to Catholics in this country and probably in others. Once it was published, there was nothing surprising about the fact that Senator Kennedy, who had previously proclaimed the "religious issue" to be dead, was immediately queried by reporters about the hierarchy's "right and duty to intervene" in the political field. Senator Kennedy undoubtedly finds this a trial, but could Catholics reasonably expect anything else? Are not such questions inevitable in the wake of an article that at least seemed to raise the specter of episcopal dictation to individual Catholic officeholders?

In his reply to reporters, Senator Kennedy reiterated his now familiar statement of complete loyalty to the Constitution of the United States, including the principle of separation of Church and State. This has, of course, been the position of Catholics in this country since the nation's founding; it was made explicit and officially reaffirmed in the name of all the Catholic Bishops of the United States as recently as 1948, and it is unaffected by the article in *L'Osservatore*. The official position of the Church in this country does not in any way reflect a secularist attitude—quite the contrary, in fact. Nonetheless, the relationship between religious belief and political life is complicated at best, and, if the question is not to be distorted by oversimplification, attempts to describe the role of the believer as citizen in a modern pluralistic society obviously require very precise formulation—more precise than the article in *L'Osservatore* achieved. For this reason alone, if for no other, Senator Kennedy probably followed the wisest course by avoiding any attempt to explicate

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the article in favor of a simple statement on the duty of the officeholder to live up to his oath and a personal reaffirmation of his own complete support for the Constitution and the First Amendment.

The question involved, however, is larger than the possible candidacy of Senator Kennedy for President. The U.S. ceased being a mission country more than fifty years ago, and European Catholics who have investigated the matter would probably agree that the Church has flourished under the American system. Certainly the Church in the United States today occupies an important place in the universal Church. At the same time, it is obvious that the progress of the Church in the United States and the views of American Catholics do not always receive the consideration they deserve in some Catholic circles in Europe, and it would be foolish to ignore this fact—or to pretend that it poses no problems.

As far as the present political picture in Italy is concerned, Catholics in the United States and all over the world would share the concern of the writer in *L'Osservatore* over the size of the Communist vote in that country and over the dangers of an alliance between Christians and Marxists, there or anywhere else. But it should be possible to discuss questions like these in specific terms without introducing ambiguities that only trouble Catholics and non-Catholics in other countries. The Marxists in Italy were clearly the main targets of the recent article in *L'Osservatore Romano;* unfortunately, it is not the Marxists who are hurt when needless doubts are raised about the loyalty of Catholics to the Constitution of the United States.

OUR PILES OF WHEAT

IT WOULD seem that the stimulus of World War II demand and constantly improving productive proficiency are more responsible for our unmanageable grain surpluses than Washington's farm policies of the past fifteen years. Each succeeding Administration has had its chance at coming up with effective solutions to this aspect of the American farm problem; neither Democrats nor Republicans have met the challenge. The Eisenhower Administration, which has had the latest crack at it, naturally bears the onus for present agrarian discontents. If North Dakota, for example, proves as typical as it is believed in its reactions, the Republican Party is threatened with the loss of a large part of the farm vote in the Middle West.

The bills that the Democrats of both Houses have succeeded in reporting out of committee recently would do little to change the prospect. They would give the wheat growers the choice between unlimited production at lower price supports or an increase over the present 75¢ a bushel support level coupled with a further acreage reduction of twenty to twenty-five per cent.

Such changes can have little effect on a situation where on reduced acreages we produce twice as much wheat a year as we need for domestic consumption and have, to begin with, another two years supply in storage. The bushels we shall ship to India for local currency, and later to Pakistan and other countries if we have sufficient shipping space, will still leave vast quantities in our reserves —important as these shipments are for the feeding of hungry peoples. The increase of forty per cent in productivity per acre achieved in America in the past two decades and the investments of individual farmers and commercial enterprises in land and machinery for production both work against government efforts at curtailment. Certainly the tinkering with acreage and support levels in the latest pending legislation is hardly adequate for a problem of these dimensions.

WITHHELD BY POST OFFICE

THE CONTROVERSIES in which the Post Office Department has recently engaged itself as literary critic and arbiter have distracted attention from a reprehensible practice that is at least as serious from a legal viewpoint. For the last ten years the Post Office has intercepted what it judges to be Communist or subversive mail from abroad. Annually the Post Office seizes about fifteen million pieces of mail—magazines, books, newspapers—that are sent into the United States by countries under Communist control.

That the Post Office itself is uneasy in the performance of this task is evident from the changes it has made in its procedures. When it initiated the program ten years ago, the material was simply seized and disposed of. The intended recipients were never informed why they failed to receive the publications, some of which they had subscribed to and paid for. When this practice was revealed, however, scholars and scholarly organizations protested, asserting that civil liberties were being curtailed. Under the pressure of this protest the Post Office allowed the disputed mail to be delivered to those who would not, in its judgment, use the material for propaganda inimical to the interests of the

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United States. This added up to a very short list, primarily libraries and institutions.

After further publicity and increased protests, the Post Office decided to send the mail to all the intended recipients—if each signed a card declaring that he "ordered, subscribed to or desires" his withheld mail.

While the latest modification of Postal procedure has an air of rationality, it remains, not surprisingly, unacceptable to those who are willing to sign the cards as well as those who are being deprived of their mail. The legal validity of the Post Office action is quite dubious according to several lawyers who have examined the issues. Their view gains support from a recent Departmental decision. A Chicago sociologist brought suit against the Post Office for withholding her mail. The Post Office then delivered the mail and the Government asked that the case be dismissed. Not until a ruling is made on a case will the legality of the Postal action be determined, and this, it seems, is what the Government was trying to avoid.

Apart from the legal issue, however, is the question of the practical and moral merits of the Post Office action. For more than ten years now scholars, and the institutions for which they would expect to get information, have been severely handicapped in gathering information about Communist countries. The difficulties which the Communist Iron Curtain has put in the way of increased knowledge and objective judgment have been added to by a department of our government. As for those who may use the material for propaganda purposes —an "umbrella phrase" which covers much ill-defined territory—it is unlikely that they will be deterred by the form.

Balancing one good against another, restraint against freedom, the action of the Post Office seems unwise and possibly dangerous. Neither the proclaimed ends nor the means it has used to achieve those ends inspire confidence in the discretion and judgment of the responsible Post Office officials. For these reasons the investigation of Post Office practice by the Senate subcommittee on constitutional rights is highly welcome. We hope it leads to elimination of these regrettable practices.

TROUBLE IN TOKYO

BY NOW the people of the United States should be accustomed to news of anti-American disorders. Such demonstrations have taken place in many sections of the globe, in the free world as well as behind the Iron Curtain. In the former case many of these have been organized by local Communists. Paris in recent years has been the scene of several such demonstrations; South America more recently has delivered its share; and now Castro's Cuba is outdoing itself in the vehemence of its anti-Yankee agitation.

Even with all this as a disquieting background, few Americans were prepared for the violence of the opposition to the Kishi Government's support of the new defense pact with this country. We have been given to understand that since World War II the formerly warlike Japanese have done a complete turnabout. They are regarded as the bulwark of the free world in the Far East, a place where American attitudes and American ways are encountering ever greater popular favor. Except for the fact that pressure for building up Japanese trade with Communist China has been increasing for economic reasons, we have been looking forward, untroubled, toward greater cooperation with these capable and industrious people.

The persistence and violence of the Japanese opposition to the American defense pact therefore comes as a shock. The problem of weighing its meaning is complicated not only by the fact that Communists and Socialist enemies of Kishi had so prominent a hand in it. Violence leads to further violence, and ratification of the treaty was put through the lower House only after five hundred police summoned by the Government had forcibly ejected the Socialist and Democratic Socialist deputies that had been demonstrating against it. Consequently Mr. Kishi himself has had to take special precautions for his personal safety, and extra police have had to be called out as the demonstrations of Socialists, student groups and others have grown in vehemence.

Yet this wave of protest can hardly be ascribed solely to party passions or reactions of a large political minority to resort to official force. The widespread fear in Japan of the consequences of being used as an American base in a war have obviously been greatly intensified by the U-2 repercussions. Japanese newspapers of varying political persuasions have all protested strongly against the Government's handling of the vote on the American security pact and have also declared that President Eisenhower's impending June 19 visit has become inadvisable with feeling running so high. Both Japan's domestic political struggles and the U-2 incident appear to have brought our relations with Japan to a truly unhappy state.

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The Uninteresting Future

Beauty, charm and historic association are today being replaced by modern standardized ugliness

by RUSSELL KIRK

IN AVILA, this spring, they are knocking down the house where George Santayana lived as a child. Though the Spaniards are the most tradition-governed of European peoples, their attachment to the principle of continuity is an abstract devotion: matters of faith and intellect they may defend to the death; but for the great architecture and the historic monuments of their country only a few feel concern.

Santayana's house—described at some length in his *Persons and Places*—is neither very old nor very beautiful; its importance lies in its link with a remarkable man of letters (almost unknown in his native country). But it was an historic house in a pleasant quarter in one of the most interesting towns left to the modern world. To make room for a new housing project, the local authorities are sweeping it away—room for hideous high blocks of flats, jarring with the medieval city and the wonderfully austere countryside, apparently designed by some planner in Madrid or possibly Paris who has not seen Avila. For the windows of these flats near the railway station all face the cold north, from which the winter wind comes across the sierra; and the unfortunate denizens of these hives will shiver out their lives, far less cozy than they would have been in the thick-walled little stone cottages with the low-pitched roofs that have housed most people in Avila for centuries.

In this replacement of beauty, charm and historic association by modern standardized ugliness we may perceive one of the great errors of our age. It is not newness, nor even comfort, that can make people content. A professor of art at Brooklyn College, some months ago, observed that whenever civic planners destroy a neighborhood landmark, they efface one more bond of community, and leave men and women rootless and vaguely dissatisfied.

Writing of the English mining villages of his boyhood, D. H. Lawrence says that in those days the miner was not a malcontent—except that he suffered, even though half unconsciously, from the hideousness of the towns he inhabited. The whole temper of a people may be soured by a monotonous and inharmonious environment; what we call "the standard of living" may be very high, and yet the life itself spoiled by nasty buildings, civic schemes not designed on the humane scale, and a general impermanence or shoddiness of homes, public buildings, shops, streets, and even churches.

I RECALL a passing observation of the Earl of Crawford, chairman of the English National Trust for architectural and rural preservation—and also chairman of the National Gallery, the National Art Collections Fund, and other artistic and architectural bodies: a kind of guardian of English culture. "The future will be so uninteresting," he said, in speaking of the devastation of the countryside, the demolition of great houses and pleasant little cottages, the utter transformation of historic towns, and the whole process of utilitarian "progress" in Britain.

Lord Crawford meant that the men of the future, as things are going nowadays, will be denied the variety of scene, the pleasures of harmonious settings, the curious or famous old buildings, the survivals of past generations, which have meant so much to civilized existence these many centuries. We seem to be improving away—and priding ourselves upon our ruthlessness—nearly everything man-made that stimulates the imagination or satisfies the eye; indeed, we are rapidly abolishing natural beauties, except so far as they are pruned and tamed in parks.

At a time when, in most of the Western world, we have available ample public and private funds for national and civic improvements on a grand scale, paradoxically we uglify. The bulldozer and the wrecker's ball intoxicate; buildings that formerly would have been spared if only because of their solidity now are

Mr. Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind* and editor of *Modern Age*, writes on a wide vairety of political and cultural subjects.

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obliterated in an afternoon. In the United States, the great private foundations could save much of our architectural and historic inheritance without straining their resources, if they cared; but it is characteristic of our Philistinism that not one of the really big foundations has given any substantial help to the American National Trust for Historic Preservation.

Because of their wretched taste and disregard of ancient buildings, Ruskin told the Victorians, "posterity will curse you." Yet if the Victorian age had its vandals, at least it often built confidently and solidly; while we of the twentieth century build as if the Last Trump were about to sound. A middle-aged friend of mine, looking at his architect's plans for his new house, inquired whether the roof was well enough designed to endure. "Why," the architect said, in surprise, "it will last as long as you will." A house is becoming a thing as transitory as an automobile.

Every previous era of great prosperity left its mark in an interesting and enduring architecture, private or public; and in splendid towns, and works of sculpture and painting, and monuments of all sorts. For our part, we build cinder-block drugstores, glass office buildings, and fiber-board ranch-type shanties full of gadgets intended to turn obsolete within two years. Even our sprawling new one-story schools, though expensive enough, are bare and featureless. An age which has no taste of its own ought to conserve what remains of the better taste of other times. Yet we, as if angered by any vestige of antiquity, call a good building archaic if it was erected thirty years ago.

And if we possibly can, we condemn it. At the same time we may be condemning ourselves. Ten years ago, Charles Baudouin wrote, in *The Myth of Modernity,* of our disastrous infatuation with newness and simplicity: "To simplify up to a certain point is the next thing to hacking down. To restore order, to clean things up, we scrap them, we burn them, and there is an instinct that takes a certain pleasure in so doing. It must be admitted that in the modern liking for a clean sweep there is a trace of this pleasure—should we say of this sadism? It is enough to reflect on the manner in which our cities are treated under the pretext of improving them and making them healthier. In certain hands this operation is almost as effective as bombardment from the air."

AS IF THE wars of this time of troubles had not already destroyed more than half the important architecture of the world, society proceeds cheerfully to sweep away much of what remains. In Constantinople, Parisian-like boulevards are being hacked, seemingly at random, through the most interesting quarters. "If you like Constantinople now," a Turk said last year to an English visitor, "you'll like it much better soon. It will be just like your London." He expected felicitations. In Copenhagen, there is a plan for sweeping away perfect seventeenth-century streets to admit motor traffic to what had been, there on the islands, one of the remaining refuges for human beings afoot. In South America, as Gabriel Marcel writes, the devastation of beautiful towns is perhaps worst of all: spared by war, Caracas and Bogotá and many more towns become caricatures of Manhattan or Hollywood. Mussolini did his best to spoil Rome with grandiose highways and gigantic governmental offices; the rich foreigners and Italians who live in the quarter of Parioli show even worse taste. In Fife, the county planners insist on driving a broad highway through the center of the medieval university town of St. Andrews—a highway that leads only to the harborless coast of the North Sea. It is ironical that in the Communist states—particularly Poland—there is some conscious effort to preserve or restore the visible part of our cultural heritage.

As for the United States, we have done more damage to our country's artificial and natural beauty since the Second World War than we were able to accomplish in the hundred years preceding. Our obsession with fast cars and our longing for the prestige of a suburban house have driven freeways remorselessly through a thousand living communities, destroying everything in their path; these appetites have drained leadership and money out of our cities, at the same time devouring the countryside through subdivisions, so that capitalistic America fulfills the prophecy of Marx that countryside and town must merge in one blur.

"Urban renewal," with federal subsidies, has become a god-term among us. Real urban renewal is desperately needed, and we ought not to begrudge money spent upon it. But the specific projects undertaken often seem better calculated to gratify the contractor and the speculator than to restore urban community. Sometimes decent neighborhoods are abolished to make way for expensive apartment-buildings with rents well above anything the previous inhabitants could pay, as in our Bronx development and certain Chicago undertakings. Other sweeping demolitions are ordered by planners who have seen the neighborhood condemned only o· a map. The area called Corktown, in Detroit, for instance, was scheduled to be razed as a slum—until the Corktowners, most of them very decent people who own their own homes, shouted indignantly at the city council.

HOW THOROUGHLY ill-conceived and inhumane much of our "redeveloping" is was made fairly clear, recently, by the authors of *The Exploding Metropolis;* but few of the planning authorities have mended their ways. Beneath a picture of a typical "redevelopment scheme," the *Fortune* critics write, "The city grandiose: Most urban redevelopment projects, give or

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take a few malls, promise scenes like this: pompous, formalistic patterns that look fine from the top of a tower or in an architect's perspective, but will be an oppressive void to the poor pedestrian. The city is for human beings, not for a race of giant men playing a new kind of chess."

Our grandiloquent "civic centers," rising nowadays in all big cities, generally are spoilt by this same "cult of the colossal," in Wilhelm Roepke's phrase. A generation ago, St. Louis built a windy, arid series of public buildings, rather like mausoleums, as a "civic center." As if this were insufficient, St. Louis now has completed the demolition of the historical river town—which has been in process of razing for nearly a quarter of a century. In place of an interesting, if dilapidated, old quarter, one sees endless acres of parking lots, the poor old cathedral standing amid the desolation. Miss Jane Jacobs, in her essay "Downtown is for People" (included in *The Exploding Metropolis*) does not spare these misconceived civic centers that actually repel citizens: "San Francisco's, built twenty years ago, should have been a warning, but Detroit and New Orleans are now building centers similarly pretentious and dull, and many other cities are planning to do the same. Without exception, the new civic centers squander space; they spread out the concrete, lay miles of walk —indeed, planners want so much acreage for civic centers now that the thing to do is to move them out of downtown altogether, as New Orleans is doing. In other words, the people supposedly need so much space it must be moved away from the people."

Another instance of recent devastation is the defacement of Long Island, since the war, by bad building and superfluous highways. To make room for a spreading population is necessary; but to do it hideously is not ineluctable. The planners now intend to obliterate the eighteenth-century village of East Norwich, in Nassau County, by an immense clover-leaf intersection in the very heart of the place—all to save thirty seconds at the red light. Whither are we hurrying—to more hideousness?

This is the triumph of technology and the death of imagination. Among the several intricate causes of our divorce from continuity and beauty, the ascendancy of utilitarianism and pragmatism in education must be reckoned with. When the mind is constantly fed with the doctrine that only material achievement and "practicality" are worth a man's notice, the just claims of imagination and permanence are denied. And in time men rebel, even though confusedly and irrationally, against the dreary domination of an existence without roots in the past or harmony in the present.

As best we can, we ought to put an end to slums. Yet before we act, we ought to understand what a slum is; and we ought to be sure we are not creating new slums by our very process of wholesale alteration. In the course of a wandering life, I have become something of a connoisseur of slums, visiting many and living in some. Old buildings do not make slums: Oxford undergraduates and Roman princes live in some of the oldest habitable edifices in the world. Poverty, *per se,* does not make slums: Irish peasants or Portugese fishermen, with tiny cash incomes, may be among the best and kindest people living.

No, slums are created by a state of mind and a corruption of character. The dilapidation of buildings (and I know certain slums where the buildings are younger than their inhabitants) and the increase of vice and crime and shoddiness follow from the habits of the slum-dwellers. Let me add that once a real slum is established, of course it tends to corrupt the character of many of the people who live there: a miserable environment, depriving men of order and beauty, produces disorder and ugliness in all but the strongest natures.

If you walk the narrow ways of the old Saracen town Palermo, you encounter great beauty and great ruin. For centuries one of the most splendid cities in Europe, Palermo was badly bombed and shelled in the last war: many hundreds of people live in cellars, stumps of palaces, or picturesque little stone shanties patched together from fallen rubble. And you will find slums: a thousand years of misfortune and misgovernment have made their mark in Sicily.

But also you will find whole quarters that are teeming with decent and cheerful people, clean, neatly dressed, polite. Their living-quarters (sometimes a single room for a family) are no larger and no newer than those of the slum-denizens; and, like their slum neighbors, they use the public street as their collective parlor. It is not living in a house five hundred years old that degrades a family: indeed, the permanence and beauty of their old house may have a noticeably heartening influence upon them. The real slum is in the heart: and shoddiness there produces shoddiness in the neighborhood. There can be social and material causes of shoddiness in the heart, of course; I am merely trying to suggest that even nowadays we ought not to confound cleanliness with Godliness.

IT IS quite possible for tasteless and unimaginative reformers to produce brand-new slums, despite their honest intentions. In the monotonous and drab new county and town housing-schemes of Britain, the crime-rate has been markedly higher than it was in the shabby old neighborhoods from which the housing-scheme inhabitants often came. If we build towns that are boring—uninteresting because they contain nothing old or curious or varied, and because their style is bad —we must expect the people who live in them, particularly the rising generation, to rebel in one way or another.

At the ancient village of Kennoway, in Scotland, the

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Fife County Council has resettled thousands of people, mostly miners and their families, in the midst of a lovely countryside. Kennoway itself, founded by those curious Christian eremites the Culdees, away at the misty dawn of Scottish history, was one of the pleasantest little places in the country, with venerable little stone houses clustered about a rocky knoll. So the general plan of the County Council was healthy enough; but the execution of it has been miserable.

Those very charms which doubtless induced the County Council, however vaguely, to select Kennoway as their new-housing-scheme site have been swept away by the improvers. The decent little old cottages, most of them, have been condemned as obsolete, and demolished or allowed to fall into total decay. Even the street-plan has been altered beyond recognition, the new quarters being erected without any reference to the old center. Down toward that great Viking burial-mound called Maiden Castle, the authorities have put up a new "town center," modernistic but not modern, shabbily built of concrete that already is cracking after two years of use. A good deal of vandalism troubles Kennoway, and the police sometimes have their work cut out for them; an atmosphere of indifference broods over the new houses, and many faces are sullen. Nearly everyone has a new house, or rooms in the towering blocks of new flats, at a very low rent; but this has brought no contentment. For the new Kennoway is not a community, but an impersonal and rootless dormitory.

Along the Causeway, the old High Street of Kennoway, which twists up and down the little hill where the medieval church once stood, there remain a score of sixteenth- and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century little houses. The County Council would like to see them all razed, it appears. These form a bond with the past, and the typical doctrinaire planner resents the past. When I was in Kennoway last January, navvies were taking the roof off the most interesting and historic of these houses on the Causeway—Seaton House, where Archbishop Sharp lodged the night before his murder by the Covenanters. Until three or four years ago, this charming old-fashioned steep-gabled mansion, with its little panelled rooms, was inhabited by a wealthy man. When he moved, the planning authorities suddenly discovered that Seaton House was hopelessly archaic, and they are bringing it down. One County Councillor declared that the process of demolition in Kennoway is all too slow: such old buildings detract from the planned modernity of the new order. But the people who lived along the Causeway were reasonably content, I fancy; and the people who live in the new flats are not. Imagination and the sense of beauty are quite as real, and exercise quite as much influence upon the tone and temper of a society, as do refrigerators and improved heating.

In our buildings and our civic plans, I suggest, we are leaving out of consideration some of the deepest human longings. We are becoming the slaves of our own systematic technology. "An ethical and aesthetic culture ought to precede any technical instruction," Charles Baudouin writes. "Technique is only a servant. Pushed to the front, it behaves like a coarse and clumsy parvenu. We have to find its master. But modern humanity is dazzled by technique; it can see nothing else. This is why it is spoiling everything."

Mankind can abide nearly anything except boredom. If we convert town and country into one monotonous realm without interest, historic association, or beauty of design, we may find we have created one great hygienic slum.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

Apartheid and the Church

by SEAN BOUD

WHEN I WAS a young boy in Capetown we once employed an African girl who had come straight from the Catholic Mission school of Indwe in the Transkei, 1000 miles away in the bush. One Sunday I asked her, in the aggressive way that only South African boys can address servants, "Ivy, did you go to Mass this morning?" And she replied in a strange, new-found urbanity, "Master Sean, I learn more than I do at Church, if I go with my friends to Langa." (Langa is the African residential location.)

Thinking back on this incident more than ten years later it strikes me, as it did not originally, that it represents, in microcosm, the problem that the Church faces in South Africa. The plain truth is that the Union's Africans tend to regard the Church as an educative institution of some foreign, non-African power. And

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the ninety-two per cent who are not Catholics have an easy time convincing the Catholics who become removed from direct supervision by the Church that they are right. The challenge that the Church has to meet is twofold: first, it must come to mean something positive, permanent, and valuable in its own right; second, it must reveal itself as something indigenous to South Africa, as a Church that is in its proper place.

It is important for the Church to be recognized by all races simply because it is not only the Africans who badly need the values by which and on behalf of which they can struggle to freedom. The whites need those values as earnestly. For some of them, having realized the aims, if not the foundation, of a truly Christian Humanism, are already groping towards the Church.

Speaking for the South African Government at the 1947 assembly of the United Nations, Mr. H. Lawrence declared: "Human dignity is not a human right according to the South African point of view *because the basis of human dignity has never been clearly defined.*" (Italics mine.) This, of course, is the statement of a man crying out for the teaching of the Mystical Body. In the 1959 Provincial Election the Liberal Party—the only one standing for true racial justice—tried its best to give that basis. "Apartheid is wrong," one of their election slogans announced; "Religion opposes it." The sad point in South Africa is that the religion of the Nationalists—the Dutch Reformed Church—does *not* oppose it.

The Church would not, and should not want to be identified with the Liberal Party; her role is to give individuals a sounder basis for their values than the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (the foundation of Liberal policy in South Africa), which is not self-authorizing and for which the Afrikaner Nationalists have an ill-disguised contempt.

Alan Paton comes close to saying this in his manifesto "Hope for South Africa": "In South Africa the commandment is 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself as long as he doesn't live next door.'" His *naturaliter Christiani* condemnation is hotly contested by many Christians in the Union. The sentiments of all who are opposed to racial oppression need the uncompromising assurance that only a divine society can give.

Among the nine million Africans too, the Church has a grave responsibility to do all in her power to give the African aspirations for freedom an ordered Christian direction. But it faces the great problem of being regarded merely as a benevolent educator, and a foreign one at that.

IT IS AN interesting fact that the first place of Christian worship in South Africa was a little Catholic chapel erected by Portuguese sailors at Mossel Bay in 1501. But due to the colonization of South Africa by the Calvinist Dutch the Church virtually disappeared from the pages of South African history for three hundred years. Then, through an influx of French, German, English and Irish Catholic stock the Church became established on a small scale. Today she comprises five per cent of the total population.

A splendid contribution, in terms of hard work and prayer, is being made by many of these dedicated Catholics. But they probably agree with Father Colin Collins, one of the secretaries in the South African Apostolic Delegation, who said, "Today white Catholics still form the same percentage of the over-all population that they did fifty years ago. The Church has remained inhibited, its contact system has hardly touched any bloc other than the English-speaking original groups in whom it strove to keep the faith. It is an unadapted Church, one which has not found any local self-expression."

Archbishop McCann of Capetown met this point of view by saying, "The work of the Church among the European community has been directed by a recognition of conditions prevailing." This is the position of the Church in a nutshell.

The precarious place that the Church is in by reason of her being dogmatically opposed to the policy of the Government has, it would seem, led to a reaction of over-caution for fear of victimization. Yet Archbishop Hurley of Durban, for example, because of his outspokenness has been described by the leading Nationalist newspaper, *Die Transvaaler,* as "an unsavory character consorting with the American Ambassador." It is also true, however, that there is no Catholic society in South Africa, as there is in the U.S., explicitly dedicated to improving relations between the races. Further, I can honestly say that in the years I lived in the Union I heard not one sermon preached on the racial question. Fortunately there is an increasing awareness in the Church that she will be victimized if she keeps silent, just as thoroughly as if she spoke out.

It is perhaps sadly true that a deeper reason for the reluctance of white Catholics in the Union to take a more active part in the conflict is that we ourselves have been affected by Government propaganda and the ease of living under Apartheid. Some years ago attention was given to the unfortunate case of an African who was refused Communion in Durban Cathedral because of his race. Even today Bishop Dhlamini of Umzimkulu, the only African Bishop in the Union, doesn't get the cooperation from the whites in his diocese that he would if he were himself white.

But one of the helpful elements in the picture is the Catholic press, particularly the national weekly the *Southern Cross,* which maintains against great odds a high level of interest and intelligence. But it has a circulation of around 8000, which is pitifully small compared with the white Catholic population alone, which is around 140,000.

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Another hopeful element is the part that, it is hoped, the liturgical revival will play in the faith of South African Catholics. Although still few at present, more and more churches are having Dialogue Mass and a corporate participation in the seasonal liturgy. What could profitably accompany this progress in the liturgy is an increase in understanding the importance of the Church's theology. The Union is another country where the Church has suffered from an overdose of post-Reformation apologetics and where religious education is "for defending the Church against attack."

POPE PIUS XII was not indulging in Papal euphemism when he said in his encyclical *Fidei Donum* (The Future of Africa) "We are stricken when we see the problems imposed upon the extension and deepening of the Christian life in Africa. We cannot but be touched when we see the size and urgency of the tasks and the extremely small number of apostolic workers and their lack of means."

It is a further fact that in the Union the Church is balked at the outset by legislation calculated to wrest control of all African schools from private hands and have them run by the state. The object of this is, ostensibly, "To give the Bantu (Africans) an education suitable to their position in the country." The means of getting control was to withdraw all Government subsidies—which were sometimes as high as eighty per cent—from private schools, and to require those that continued without it to depend for their very existence on Government approval. The Church has, out of proportion to her numbers, 660 mission schools, 500 of which are now most uncertain of their future. Originally faced with this legislation the Church decided to keep her mission schools and run them for as long as possible without the subsidy. In an intensive campaign to which Catholics responded magnanimously the sum of one million pounds was raised. That was five years ago and the money is now fast running out, and there seems little hope for the future that the Church will be able to keep her schools. But even in those schools that the Church has and will be able to keep, there are problems.

In a splendid contribution to *Témoignage Chrétien* in 1957, Alioune Diop (an African) wrote, "Today one cannot undertake the problem of Christianizing Africa in the way it has been done so far, merely by baptizing people and administering the sacraments. Nowadays we must necessarily go beyond this first stage. The problem of our time is to get hold of the black soul itself, of the black mystique, the black symbolism. For too long a time our problems were thought out for us, without us and even against us."

African Catholic education is largely European in the provincial sense of the word, and often paternalistic. It was for these reasons that Kwame Nkrumah allegedly left the Church, and Tom Mboya professes disenchantment with, if not rejection of, her policies.

But this is a field in which progress is being made. The Church in the Union is becoming increasingly Africanized. The hierarchy realize the importance of this and a special commission has been set up to further the directions of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith who invited African bishops to adapt the Church's liturgy to local conditions. As a result of this we hear of certain significant changes in the liturgy, not merely in the use of the vernacular at Mass and in the sacraments but, e.g., in the marriage ceremony and in the modification and lengthening of the ceremony for adult Baptism.

Other aspects of this Africanization process which are being gradually adopted and will be even more so in the future are the good use of African architecture, the use of African vernaculars in literature, and most important the realization of the need for an African clergy.

AT THE moment only one eighth of the Union's fifteen hundred priests are recruited locally, and the African vocations among these are distinctly in the minority. Many students up till now have been sent to Rome or elsewhere abroad for their studies with the obvious disadvantages involved. It does seem that one of the important things to be done is the setting up of fully integrated seminaries in the Union to train South African students.

The Hierarchy are already doing their best to further African vocations and have announced their intention of opening a major seminary for colored students. This kind of thing is of vital necessity as the Church will ultimately stand or fall through the existence of an adequate native clergy.

Professor Harold Jowitt, Dean of the Catholic University of Roma in Basutoland (a British Protectorate inside the Union) in an article on the Church in Southern Africa comments on the low standard of education of teaching sisters both African and European and says that it is in urgent need of improvement. Though he is talking about Basutoland, his remarks apply to the Union also and constitute another problem the Church is up against.

One development that would seemingly help the Church immensely is the redistribution of priests and religious working among the different races. At present the whites have one priest per five hundred Catholics and the Africans have but one per fifteen hundred. The money spent on schools, hospitals, etc., on the two races is in the same proportion: the whites have three times as much spent on them as the Africans. Almost all of the two hundred fifty teaching brothers in the Union cater to whites; only three hundred of the twenty four hundred teaching nuns work in African schools.

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Many of those doing social or educational work in the Union are resented and suspected because of the comfortable and sometimes opulent background they can periodically retreat to. Religious would acknowledge their advantage here of being recognized as having given their *whole* lives to the work. Pope Pius XII again in *Fidei Donum* stresses the importance of capitalizing on this in spreading the teaching of the Church. This has particular relevance in the Union where one of the main tasks of Catholic teachers both black and white is to emphasize strongly the Church's doctrine of the innate dignity of the human person regardless of race, our equality before God in the Mystical Body, and our obligations of justice and charity particularly to underprivileged peoples.

Joseph Marumbi, an East African and former secretary of the Movement for Colonial Freedom, said recently: "If Christianity is to take root in Africa it is important that white men should themselves live as Christians, and that Christianity should not be identified with colonialism. Much can be preserved of African traditions and culture which is consonant with the true essence and dignity of the human being within the Christian spirit and framework."

How true this is of South Africa where the difficulties of the Church are even further increased by the peculiar amalgam of African society that is now being formed from the impact of Western technological civilization and more often than not its empty values. The African Apostolate in the Union is one that calls more than anything else for sacrifice and courage. But the real test of the Church in these virtues is yet to come.

UNDOUBTEDLY the main obstacle to the spread of the Church in South Africa is the opposition, bordering at times on persecution, of the Afrikaner Nationalist Government and its Church—the Dutch Reformed.

On April 2nd, 1953 a report was submitted to the Government by a special commission on *"Die Roomse Gevaar"*—The Roman Danger. Catholic immigrants from Holland are restricted because of their religion. It was discovered in 1955 that Maria Monk was being sold by the bookshops of the Dutch Reformed Church (in spite of the fact that it had been banned by the Government)! A National Afrikaner Students conference in Pretoria in 1955 declared the two main dangers to South Africa to be Communism and Roman Catholicism. This is the awful atmosphere that the Church has to live in, and it is a representative feeling of the majority of Afrikaners.

It is again the problem of the Church's being regarded as something extraneous and foreign; in this case threatening the existence of Afrikanerdom. For the Church it is the task of becoming thoroughly indigenous while remaining thoroughly Christian. The solution is in St. James: "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." Obviously the Church cannot betray her sacred mission by condoning South African Governmental policy, but she can compensate in various ways for the dislike she incurs by opposing it. For instance, it would be wonderful to have a Catholic Afrikaans-medium school. At present there is none. Catholic students could be encouraged to attend Afrikaans universities and to join Afrikaans clubs. As Archbishop Hurley has pointed out, there is no moral reason why Catholics shouldn't support the Afrikaner aspirations for a republic as long as it would not adversely affect the Church. These are some of the ways that the Church could show that she is truly supranational.

In spite of the fact that the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church are recommended to preach at least one annual sermon against the Catholic Church, a steady trickle of Afrikaners do embrace the faith. And it is one of the more encouraging signs that they make the most ardent and apostolic Catholics.

Despite all her shortcomings and obstacles, the Church does have reason to be proud of the progress she has made. She is helping the spiritually blind to see and lame to walk, and the poor do have the Gospel preached to them, which is what matters.

Especially in the light of the words of Senator E. H. Brookes, an Anglican and Ex-Director of the South African Institute of Race Relations, who said "Having spent ourselves without stint in an effort to put things right by purely human means, we in South Africa are faced with the bankruptcy of secularism."

THE EXPERIMENTERS

We still wonder if it's true,
The imperfection of the studied man.
We were not very like the two

To whom we posed the puzzle of the salt:
A shallow basin, filled up with the sea
To which they'd bend themselves, and halt

To see themselves and then, deceived,
Self-consciously would smile,
Not knowing of the quick knife in our sleeve.

But still, our greatest interest is the man,
To whom we feed the tenderest of air.
Though we are not alike, our need began

When we imposed and presupposed his fault,
And made the light so alien
He could not solve the problem of the salt.

JOHN ENGELS.

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AFTER TECHNOLOGY, WHAT?

SOME MONTHS ago I said in this space that the problem of "bigness" cuts across American life. A second overarching concern, not unrelated to "bigness," is the problem of technology. No matter where we turn, it seems we are confronted by it.

Perhaps the most dramatic instance can be found in international relations. Here, of course, the existence of super-weapons has made total or near-total destruction a real possibility. These weapons have brought a new factor into the international picture. For all sides, modern weapons have ceased to be instruments of national policy and are now determining that policy. We—and the Soviets too, I suppose—are controlled and in one sense even mastered by the weapons we have built. The super-weapons of "defense," once they are employed by either side, mean that both sides will immediately be devastated. Some defense.

But that is what Mr. Khrushchev's threats amount to—"You strike at us and we will strike right back," he has told us again and again. And am I wrong in believing that we can think of nothing better than to respond in kind? The result is that Russia and the United States are utterly defenseless in respect to each other, despite the fantastic amounts of money both nations spend on defensive weapons. Thanks to modern technology, we are each thrown on the other's mercy. At the same time, as is becoming generally recognized, we are both at the mercy of the impersonal forces of technological development, equally subject to the possibility that an accident or the mis-reading of a radar screen can bring us Hell on earth. No one seriously believes any more that the leaders of the nuclear powers would deliberately instigate a hydrogen war. Yet, who can deny that the possibility of an "accidental" war remains ever-present?

Technology has profoundly affected our internal politics, as well as our international relations. As all the world knows, the invention of printing, bringing with it the possibility of one man's communicating with another by means of the written word, profoundly changed not only popular thinking but the mode of human thought. In a similar manner, the development of the "image industries" today is having a profound effect on the way we now think about political choices.

Recognizing its effect, the modern candidate is considerably more interested in the kind of "image" he personally projects than in the political platform he is running on. The shrewd politico knows that a set of straight teeth may count for much more than a line of straight argument. For when it comes to T.V., a favorable impression counts for more than any number of intellectually persuasive arguments. People tend to vote for the "nice guy"—and "nice guys" are determined more on the basis of the visual impression they make in the living room than the arguments they set forth from the podium.

To take an almost classic example, consider the case of Joseph R. McCarthy. Intellectuals by and large turned against the late Senator early in the game on the basis of his record and the sentiments he expressed. However, it was not until the famous Army hearings relentlessly exposed him to television audiences that McCarthy's stock fell spectacularly.

A third, most significant example of the influence of technology is to be found in the cluster of problems we have come to describe as "technological unemployment." This, at its simplest, is the crisis created by the fact that machines can now do most of the blue-collar and many of the white-collar jobs formerly done by man. Moreover, the machines can do them more efficiently.

A generation or so ago, a man displaced by a machine would be summarily dismissed. But with strong unions ready to protect the job-rights of their members, a whole set of new concepts is being developed. There is, for instance, the fairly recent notion that a man has proprietory rights over his "job"—it is something he owns—even if the duty connected with the right means nothing more onerous than standing idly beside a machine which does the work he used to do.

For the first, even second generation of displaced workers, this solution may be feasible, but what of the generations to come—a generation of "workers" who never do work, of "employees" who are never really employed? What kind of adjustments can be made to bring reason and sense into the industrial picture?

What happens to our venerable notion that every man has a right to a job, when technology makes the whole concept of a "job" an anachronism? We have not reached the state yet, of course; but that seems to be the way things are heading. If the answer lies in diminishing the hours of labor almost to the vanishing point and increasing rewards to the point where even minimum labor is enough to provide a living wage, then we are faced with the problem of mass leisure. And, with mass leisure, we are faced with more problems inextricably tied up with technology.

Ultimately, technology may liberate us beyond our wildest dreams—in the classic sense of that word "liberate": free us to become more humane. But if we are to look forward to such a liberation, we are going to have to think about technology more than we have in the past. Drifting along with each development as it appears will simply not do. JOHN COGLEY.

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Non-Communist writers continue to resist the pressures of neo-socialist orthodoxy

Literary Counter-Revolution

by THOMAS WEYR

POLISH WRITING in the mid-1950's burned across the world's literary horizon like a comet, but the brief renaissance lasted only about as long as it takes a shooting star to cross our heavens. Today non-Communist writers in Poland are engaged in a bitter rear-guard action to save as much creative freedom as they can from the grasping fingers of "neo-socialist realism." This is the official new look in Polish letters propagated by the orthodox Communists busily trying to undo the damage of the 1956 "spring in October" uprising that made Poland a beacon of hope in the Communist darkness.

The conflict has been going on for a year and a half, ever since Party boss Wladislaw Gomulka declared in October of 1958 that liberalism was finished and that Poland would march back down the long road to Kremlin orthodoxy. It is a tribute to the skill and tenacity of the freedom-minded writers that they have given way only so slowly and so tenaciously. In the process they have helped greatly to enrich literature, criticism and polemic writing.

Nevertheless, the setting of the struggle has changed. It is no longer a question of creating a vital, national literature in Poland independent of Communist domination. That was the dream sparking the young writers in the heady days of 1956-57 when they believed the free exchange of ideas with the West was here to stay and that Poland was on the way to occupying an honorable place in *one* Europe.

No one in Poland today doubts that this was only a dream. Even the Catholic opposition—it is represented in parliament by a group of twelve highly articulate deputies—is urging the Polish people to accept the historic inevitability of membership inside the Soviet bloc.

And it is acceptance of this fact that is shaping the new ideas that non-Communist writers, especially the Catholics among them, are pitting against the demands of the neo-socialist realists. Stefan Kisielewski, a member of Znak, the Catholic parliamentary group, and the wielder of one of the most sarcastic pens in Poland, summarized this position in a trenchant article published by the Catholic journal *Tygodnik Powszechny* earlier this year. It was entitled, "What is Socialist Literature?" Since publication it has given rise to a great debate in the literary and political communities.

KISIELEWSKI'S theses are simple enough. The non-Communist writer, he argues, cannot stand aside from the social developments of his age by fleeing into the manufacture of historical potboilers. "What a waste to stand over a rich mine and not to exploit it," he wrote. "Should these arch-interesting times remain without the true testimony of literature?"

To make his point, Kisielewski opposed two literary types he claims have dominated modern writing since the time of Voltaire. The "priest" is the apostle of the status quo—of those in power charged with implementing an idea or a program. The "jester" is the non-conformist admitting to no authority. In the "bourgeois" world the jester has come to represent the finest product of literature. Wherever he has opposed social and political conditions he has emerged as the true literary representative of a generation.

"Does not the Marxist system need a 'jester' literature, a literature of mistrust? It might be said that it does not if one believes that it is the final stage of human knowledge of reality and a finished practical fulfillment. But dialectics tell us that there is no end in evolution, to motion and conflict. And if so, then socialism certainly needs its jester, although of a new type. New conflicts require a new jesting. Only 'jester' must not be made synonymous with 'enemy'."

Kisielewski concedes to his Communist opponents that the jester's activities have to be severely limited. And he roundly condemns those who in the years of the "thaw" made personal literary feuds and fads into ideological conflicts inside the east-west struggle. "God preserve me from my friends," he commented.

Perhaps most important, Kisielewski gives voice to a sentiment often heard in Eastern Europe during the past two years: Boris Pasternak should not have received the Nobel Prize. If a Russian was to be honored Mikhail Sholokhov was the man.

"If it were Sholokhov and not Pasternak who received the Nobel Prize in literature the literary discussion between East and West would have become serious

Mr. Weyr sends his report from Vienna. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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and truly literary. At the present time it is only a prestige and political show-down," he wrote. And later Kisielewski made this bid for maintenance of a writer's free conscience:

"I am among the authors who are terribly bored with being stuck on the non-Marxist margin. I also would like to take up socialist literature as I understand it, that is to write about socialism from the standpoint of a mistrusting but objective jester. I do not think the black color used among others would discourage people from working."

Kisielewski's arguments are persuasive. But the atmosphere in Poland today is too harsh for such proposals to go unchallenged. For in effect Kisielewski has staked out the artist's right to dissent in an absolute society—a theory which is obviously dynamite in any dictatorship.

That he was able to do this freely and arouse so impassioned a discussion is proof that Poland still is not Russia or East Germany. A year ago his arguments were accepted as a matter of course. In 1958 the independent-minded and powerful writers' union dared open conflict with the government when it denounced proposed censorship at its annual congress in Wroclaw. And the government took no action. By last December, however, the political situation had deteriorated badly. A severe economic recession made Gomulka adopt harsher methods of control. Old-line Stalinists were brought back into the government. The writers' guardian angel, Politbureau member Jerry Morawski, who was in charge of cultural affairs, quit politics in disgust. The new men were in no mood to put up with opposition. At their 1959 Warsaw congress the writers gave in.

The noted poet Antoni Slonimski stepped down as president, at the 1959 congress, and was replaced by Jaroslaw Iwaskiewicz, a pliable non-Party man willing to compromise Communist demands and also enjoying a good reputation as a poet. The apostle of neo-socialist realism, Professor Stefan Zolkiewski, and two other Party members were voted into the group's board of governors, the first time since 1956 that Communists have held these posts. Slonimski and the aged novelist Maria Dambrowska agreed to serve also, thus giving the union a little respectable window dressing. But Poland's "angry young men," the writers around the brilliant Marek Hlasko, who defected West, were not represented.

All in all they formed a dull group, without much sap and vitality. The result had been expected. Zolkiewski and his weekly journal *Nowa Kultura* had set the literary tone for some months previously with lengthy and mostly dull articles on the need for a socialist *literature engagé* actively fighting to win the nation for socialism; a kind of lecture course for writers on how to implement party policies.

It was Zolkiewski who made the big speeches at the congress and who got the widest publicity in the regimented press. But his task was not easy, despite all the propaganda paraphernalia at his disposal. His "coming" had been lampooned privately across Poland and in print in Catholic periodicals. Again it was Kisielewski who led the assault. In his weekly column, "Nails in the Brain," he published a witty and urbane article a week before the congress. In this article he tomahawked Zolkiewski as effectively and as savagely as a New York drama critic would set to work on a Broadway turkey.

"The spiritual father of the coming retreat," he wrote of the congress, "is to be Stefan Zolkiewski, who will help the group awaken a perfect sorrow for their sins and thereby be blessed with the grace of forgiveness. Only the little sins will have to be confessed first. Oh Zolkiewski, perhaps you might read a fragment from Agatha Christie, instead of your sermon? Gentlemen—less solemnity."

Kisielewski's plea fell on deaf ears. Since the congress Zolkiewski has been orating in fearful dullness. And *Nowa Kultura* reacted to the Catholic writer's latest proposal like an angry wasp. A. Lisiecka, one of the magazine's new editors, wrote that "the supply of jobs for jesters is inadequate when compared to the numbers seeking that position. Everybody wants to be a jester—no one the priest." He accused Kisielewski of undertaking "criticism on the ideological level," this being, of course, a dangerous crime in a Communist society.

But worst of all, Kisielewski had urged a "descriptive" literature—that is the writer as reporter without ideological commitments; an unacceptable position for Communists. This is how *Nowa Kultura* sees the issue: "Contrasts between the great economic breakthrough in our country and the tardy changes in the consciousness of a part of society are too dramatic in their individual tragedy for the epic description. Kisielewski's point of view is naive and trivial. . . . The condition of socialist literature is historical interpretation."

And Kazimierz Kozniewski, a postwar Communist writer, said in the weekly *Polytika* that "Kisielewski calls on writers only to register reality, to describe its lights and shadows like a photographer. Describe! That is all. The trouble is that this is impossible."

In Western eyes these disputes may seem tempests in a teapot that should be relegated to the literary salon or café. But, paradoxically, the Communists have grasped the old maxim that the pen is mightier than the sword more thoroughly than the West. Literature is a vital weapon in the struggle for men's minds and Poles on both sides of the political fence know it. Every inch lost or won in the semantic struggle in Poland is painfully real and desperately important in terms of freedom or slavery.

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THE SCREEN

GLADIOLA

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about Walt Disney's excellent production of "Pollyanna" is that he has made Eleanor H. Porter's saccharine novel of some half century ago acceptable to us moderns. In the first place, he has costumed and set the story so handsomely and authentically in the 1912 period and photographed it so well in Technicolor that we are thrown at once into the mood and time of this tale which may be sticky but still makes sense. Secondly, he has cast it with capable actors who realize they must appeal to a 1960 audience with a message and theme from a nostalgic past. Furthermore, David Swift, to whom Disney entrusted both the direction and the writing of the screenplay, has done a superb job on both counts and given cynical audiences, grown weary of Freud and payola, a heartwarming jolt of good old gladiola.

"Pollyanna," with its story of a small town and the orphaned girl who makes over most of the townsfolk with her "glad game" when she comes to live with her rich, family-proud, self-centered aunt, is more than an escapist movie. And if one cares to look beneath the sugar coating, one can find many elements of truth. Greatly helping to establish the note of veracity in Pollyanna's cheery efforts to ferret out something glad in everyone's troubled life are such good actors as Jane Wyman as Pollyanna's spinsterish aunt who takes her money and family name seriously, Richard Egan as the aunt's former fiancé who is now a Baltimore surgeon, Karl Malden as the town's minister very much under the domination of the aunt even in the choice of his sermons, Donald Crisp as the mayor and rebel leader against the aunt, Adolphe Menjou as the town's mean recluse, Agnes Moorehead as the town's most celebrated hypochondriac who spends much time selecting her own coffin, Kevin Corcoran as Jimmy Bean who lives at the orphanage and becomes palsy with the niece of the town's richest woman—as do the aunt's first maid (Nancy Olson) and her cook (Reta Shaw). But Disney's brightest stroke of casting was in giving the title role to John Mills' thirteen-year-old daughter, Hayley, who plays the "glad girl" with such charming realism that audiences fall in love with her, glad-glue and all. Hayley Mills, who proved herself as an actress in the English thriller "Tiger Bay," gives an even better performance as the youngster who, without becoming obnoxious about it, spreads cheer and good sense. Perhaps the plot is still obvious, but this cast led by the pert Miss Mills may very well put "Pollyanna" in the running again. The movie could easily win nostalgic adults as well as kids and middling-young-fry who are seeing it for the first time. Perhaps even the word will be able to be used without derision now; no one, surely, would dream of deriding Hayley Mills' Pollyanna.

ALSO aimed at the family audience is the Franco-Italian-Yugoslav co-production of Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff." The exciting nineteenth-century story is about the Russian captain who set out from Moscow to carry a message to the Czar's brother deep in Siberia that reinforcements were coming to help him defend Irkutsk besieged by the Tartars, but the film is more likely to appeal to younger audiences than to adults, who may expect more than this movie has to offer. The earlier films made from Verne's imaginative novels ("20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in 80 Days," "Journey to the Center of the Earth") mixed liberal doses of humor with their fantastic plots; but "Michael Strogoff," as directed by Carmine Gallone, takes itself so seriously that it is devoid of any fun except for a few satirical thrusts at a couple of characters representing French and English journalists.

Curt Jurgens is properly handsome and dashing as the courageous Strogoff, who poses as a merchant and makes the perilous journey through the Tartar lines; and Genevieve Page is quite lovely as the girl who pretends to be his wife in order to travel with him to Irkutsk. Adults will certainly enjoy the fine sets and exterior scenes photographed in CinemaScope and Technicolor in the co-producing countries and may get a few thrills from the adventures along the way, but the film moves so slowly and is so awkwardly edited at times that discerning audiences will grow impatient. Less-selective youngsters, though, may be spellbound by Michael's tough going and heroic victories.

AN ADVENTURE film more likely to be accepted by moviegoers of all ages is "Flame Over India," an English movie which describes another cross-country trek and was appropriately photographed in color in the country of its title. Set in 1905 and starting in a Northwest frontier province of India, the story concerns the efforts of a British captain (Kenneth More) to rescue a Hindu prince whose father is killed by rebellious Moslems. Attaching a railroad car to a battered old engine, More hopes to take the six-year-old boy, now a religious and political leader, and his American governess (Lauren Bacall) on a three-hundred-mile journey through enemy lines to the safety of Kalapur. Needless to say, the trip, delayed by breakdowns and attacking rebels, is tense with danger and becomes pretty grim too when the rescue group catches up with the last train out and finds all its occupants slaughtered.

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What saves "Flame Over India" from becoming too forbidding is the occasional humor in Robin Estridge's script, especially in the arguments among the passengers of the rescue train. In this motley group, along with the British captain and American governess, are an armament salesman who's been selling to both sides (Eugene Deckers) the Governor's wife (Ursula Jeans), the Governor's mild-mannered secretary (Wilfred Hyde-White), a Hindu devoted to the prince (I. S. Johar), a newspaper correspondent who later turns out to be a Moslem (Herbert Lom), and a sergeant—all of whom are very vocal about their attitudes on the British, the Indians, war and peace and everything else. J. Lee Thompson has directed this cast well; and if his film is not noteworthy for its depth, it is certainly never dull—thanks to the lively action, magnificent scenery, and jingoistic chatter. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"A CATHOLIC FOR PRESIDENT"

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: Dr. Tillich's recent statement indicating that he may vote for Senator Kennedy for President has implications that have not received sufficient attention in the present controversy over the propriety of electing a Roman Catholic President of the United States. In rejecting any misgiving about the "possible influence of the Catholic Church over a Catholic President," Dr. Tillich deserves a round of applause from all of us—not because any of us will necessarily vote for Senator Kennedy, but because of Dr. Tillich's defense of the power of our Constitution. It is encouraging to hear at least one man publicly take the side of U. S. constitutional strength. Those who think that the Roman Catholic Church can take over the country as soon as one of its members becomes President (even supposing it should want such a thing), must think they are being governed by an unlimited monarchy. Is this the impression our Government has been giving our people?

Of course, there are many areas in which the convictions of any President have a strong influence on U. S. policy. But, unlike most men nominated for President, a loyal Roman Catholic is publicly committed to certain convictions which can be known by anyone who takes the trouble to investigate them. Only the man who knows the nature of those convictions is free to vote for or against them. As Dr. Tillich says, "The Catholic Church has a political ethic—an area in which Protestantism is wide open." Have we reached a position in this country where a man who openly commits himself to certain convictions must be opposed as a potential dictator? It used to be held that the man who kept his convictions to himself was the man to be feared.

(Rev.) JOHN H. HEIDT.

"THE STATUS OF WOMEN"

Silver Spring, Md.

TO THE EDITORS: Things (Re WOMEN) were bad enough a couple of years ago when someone in The Commonweal wrote that women had lost their core functions. Now Mrs. Sisson [March 18] maintains that they have lost their identity. It is true that *many* American Catholics have themselves mixed up with Chesterton; others merely mistake themselves for Gothic cathedrals. But I know who I am. Whoever Miss Pankhurst is, let *her* pull up her bluestockings and get on with the search. It seems that just about everything is lost and we had better find it. Let us all repair to the banner of the first Presidential candidate who promises women their core function, their identity and their dignity. A landslide will sweep him into the White House, he will issue an executive order closing the Woman Gap, and we can all go back to Our Proper Place, wherever that may be.

To those who would dismiss this idea out of hand, all I can say is, "After all, what have we got to lose?"

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD.

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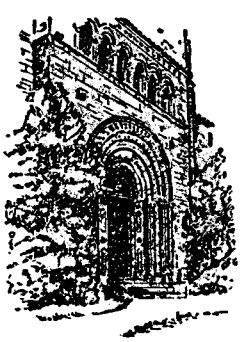

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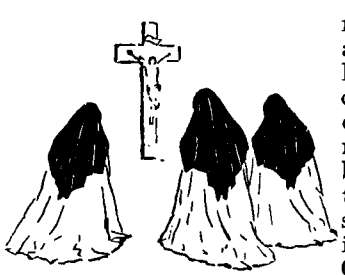

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Two Meditations on the Mystery of the God-Man

THE SON OF MAN. By Francois Mauriac. World. $3.
JESUS CHRISTUS: MEDITATIONS. By Romano Guardini. Regnery. $2.75

By LEONARD F. X. MAYHEW

ST. ATHANASIUS, writing in the full vigor of fourth century polemics, asked, "Who would be so ill-mannered as to say to the Lord: 'First come forth from out of the flesh that I may worship thee.'" Full awareness of all the implications of the Incarnation only grew gradually in the Church and only in the face of intense opposition. Providentially, Arianism, Nestorianism, Appollinarianism and a host of less familiar heresies paved the way toward an ever-growing understanding of the primal fact of Christianity, the redemptive enfleshment of the Divine Logos. Awareness of all that is meant by the Incarnation is actually a never-ending progress in the Church. Each era in history brings its peculiar needs and genius to bear on the inexhaustible richness of the mystery of the God-man Who gives meaning to all human existence. In one sense, the same ground is covered again and again, but each renewed effort finds new meanings and new direction within the infinite Word subsistent within human flesh, words and experience. In reality, this is the life of the Church, a constant and continuous contemplation and examination of the life of its Head, in Himself and in His members.

The Sacrament par excellence of Christian faith is the humanity of Jesus Christ in which the Almighty condescends definitively to His human creatures. The absolute expresses itself in the contingent terms of human existence. The inaccessible perfections of divinity are mirrored in the deeds and words of a human life and burst into view through the flesh and blood concreteness of the Incarnate Son. Nevertheless, as in every Sacrament there is a dialectic composed of mystery and knowledge, a *clair obscure* in which what is revealed at once conceals truth at the same time as it is made known. The humanity of Christ both unveils the mystery of God and hides Him from view. It is true that "he who sees Me, sees also the Father." But it is also true that "no one knows the Son except the Father." This is the paradox of knowledge by faith, of seeing in a dark manner.

For this reason the organic growth of the Church in konwledge and love of her Master is only accomplished by the constantly repeated contemplation of faithful souls gazing continuously into the revealing mystery and mysterious revelation of Christ as He lives in the Gospels and in the Church.

The present volumes approach their subject, the humanity of the Word, with reverence, deep faith and a vital sensitivity very much *engagé* in the present stage of man's evolution. At the same time they illustrate what we have said in that two men, formed by the same faith, the same culture and basically the same experience, have chosen not the same but complementary paths toward their Subject.

M. Mauriac, writing in the evening years of his life, has published an intensely personal testament of his Christian faith. This can not, in any sense of the word, be called a spiritual autobiography. But, looking back on a relatively long life, he brings his rare, perceptive gaze to bear on the presence of Christ in himself, his own life and world and Church and in the person of every suffering human being. It is "the interior Christ . . . whose footsteps we are trying to trace in this book." Mauriac writes as a deeply peaceful man, a man who has grappled with the anguish of the human condition and the anguish of the modern world, and has not been devoured by it. He sees faith as both a light and a darkness, both the presence of God and His absence and silence. He concludes that "peace and joy are the fruits of anguish . . . (of) espousing, each one according to his vocation, the suffering of the hungry, the persecuted, the imprisoned, the tortured, the exploited . . . as Christ took upon Himself our human anguish." This is an aspect of faith in the Incarnation that will answer a deep need within the contemporary conscience.

The unhappy tendency of the familiar to lose its interest and impact is so constant as to be universally proverbial. Faith is a virtue, which means it is a habit. Unfortunately, when its unchanging content is couched in unchanging terms it suffers from the same difficulties as everything else which is familiar. Few of us can even re-create vicariously what our reactions would be if we had read the Gospel accounts of Christ for the first time as mature persons. It requires someone of Monsignor Guardini's deep contemplative awareness to awaken in us something of the wonder and something of the warmth that we would have felt.

In these meditations, based in the main on the fourth Gospel, Guardini exercises his great talent to the best effect yet. In *The Lord* he established himself as a master in exposing the familiar facts of the life of Jesus with a depth and penetration unequalled by any other modern, popular author. It was a study in profundity, and that most likely accounts for its occasional obscurity. Even that very slight complaint cannot be levelled at the present, much slimmer volume. It is his explicit aim here "to seek always a new viewpoint from which to examine, question, explore; and thus allow ourselves to cast off the gray mantle of custom so that we might get through to the freshness that is the figure of Christ." His aim is admirably attained. He writes in terms of personal psychology, knowledge, freedom and religion which should without difficulty strike a responsive chord in the contemporary mind. His thought is scholarly while his language is vital and vivid—an enviable combination

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for anyone, particularly a spiritual writer. He eschews any piety which cannot stand the test of either common sense or scientific theology. Ingenuity is not the least of his qualities as when, to explain what faith means, he devotes a chapter to the question whether Jesus had faith.

The Catholic Church has always insisted on the intellectual character of the virtue of faith. It is becoming more and more apparent to theologians that, while this is beyond doubt, faith is intellectual in an entirely unique sense, in an eminently practical sense, in a way that affects the total person of the believer. Without entering into the rationcinations of the speculative theologians whose duty it is to clarify such questions, both M. Mauriac and Msgr. Guardini have contributed very valuable impetus to that unending process of inner renewal which is the very life of the Christian faith and its awareness of its Master and Object, "Jesus Christ, yesterday and today, the same forever."

Fresh Fielding

THROUGH STREETS BROAD AND NARROW. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $4.50.

By MAX COSMAN

WHEN Gabriel Fielding, who is really Alan Gabriel Barnsley, a practicing English physician, began his career as novelist with *Brotherly Love* (1954), it was patent that though he was given to melodrama, ready construction, and a sketchiness in depicting the religious life, he nevertheless had a flair for expression which went well with his apprehension of character. It was not hard to foresee good things to come if he continued to develop his talents.

In the Time of Greenbloom, two years later, confirmed expectations. Packed with rugged observation, fraught with nuance, not only did this second novel pick up the Blaydons, whose lives had been dealt with in the earlier book, and give them that fulness which marks the happy union of invention and report, it brought before the public a new and noteworthy personality.

For regardless of hints that may have come from archetypes like Bloom or Des Esseintes, Horab Greenbloom is an essentially original creation. Indeed, from the moment Horab appears on the scene, he is authentic in virtues and in limitations, which is to say that in his making Mr. Fielding has escaped the ill-concealed prejudice as well as uncritical admiration that is so apt to dog the presentation of a Jew in fiction.

Basically Mr. Fielding achieves his balanced view because he has a great tolerance for fact. Nothing is alien to him whether it be physical or metaphysical, appropriate to brothel or church, pertinent to sinner or saint. In this respect, of course, he derives rather from the novelist in his ancestor Henry Fielding and not the judge. It is not surprising, then, that in his third novel, *Eight Days,* perhaps more so than in its predecessors, he endears himself to us precisely for his unmagisterial, that is, empathic acceptance of humanity.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow, the present volume and, incidentally, latest installment in what may well turn out to be a *roman fleuve* to set beside those of Anthony Powell and C. P. Snow, continues the career of Mr. Fielding's favored protagonist. Last seen a schoolboy tiptoe before the spectacle of life, John Blaydon is now a medical student in Dublin. Before we part with him we live through the complementary experiences of his training as doctor and his coming of age as man.

The medical details are what one might expect. Lecture halls give way to dissecting rooms and these to hospital wards. We are in at the endless storing away of textbook knowledge and we sweat it out at examinations—that tricky clinical one in particular, when John has to diagnose an over-fat expectant mother and is in trouble till she offers the desperately-needed hint that twins are on the way.

John's non-medical maturing is no less strenuous. It is filled with the cross-purposes of individuals like Cloate, the achiever of success; Palgrave-Ffynch, the decaying scion of aristocracy; Groarke, the proud, the poor, the brilliant, the bedeviled, who symbolize Ireland; and, especially at the end, our old familiar, Greenbloom himself, making a desperate but futile effort to free brother Eli from Dachau. What incredible animals the Nazis were!

Young women play their part too in John's development. There is Theresa the adored but eventually dissatisfying one, and Dymphna the satisfying but equally eventually unadored one. There is even a third—she who appears only as a pervasive, obsessive memory by which John measures the others—little Victoria, who was loved in the blissful days of childhood and so inexplicably murdered by some fiend of the time.

What with additional material that runs the gamut from physical encounter to psychological state, from heathen behavior to the Christian mind, *Through Streets Broad and Narrow* makes up a book of tense, mature writing about human beings who, as Mr. Fielding has John say, use up something or are used up by it.

The 'Engaged' Man

THE OWL OF MINERVA. By Gustav Regler. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

IN THE beginning was fear, Gustav Regler writes, and his autobiography is the story of one immensely sensitive and gifted human being who suffered almost all the fears peculiar to this twentieth century; "our worst so far," as it has been called.

Gustav Regler was only eighteen when left for dead in World War I; he fought through the Spanish Civil War in the Twelfth International Brigade; he was a committed Communist for many years, was imprisoned in a French concentration camp, and broke with Communism when the Nazi-Soviet pact was

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signed. But his book is the story of his noble heart, not only of his misguided head or his courageous hands, and it epitomizes the life of the "engaged" man in Western society.

Raised a Catholic, young Gustav left the Church because after confessing "other matters" with a youthfully defiant honesty, "it occurred to him that he always turned up with the same bundle of sins." This led him to conclude that either it was part of his nature to become involved in moral complexities, or there was something wrong in the scale of values.

The Owl of Minerva, Hegel said, giving Regler his book's title, spreads its wings only with the coming of the dusk, and perhaps today Gustav Regler sees more value in contrition and confession. Now, it seems, Regler has learned the universally repetitive nature of all of man's sins.

Cruelty, for example. From his grandfather snipping a pigeon's warm throat with his scissors, to the brutal orderly who stripped the clothes off the shell-shocked patient in the German hospital, to the workers who shot Strasser because he had wanted to open the university doors to them, to the Party Central Comittee in Moscow that tried and condemned Zinoviev, Bukharin, Kamenev and others, to the Moors who slaughtered the wounded—even those who tried to crawl away—outside of Arvanda, to the guards in the French prison camp who starved their wretched five hundred-odd prisoners-of-war on stale dried peas and shot them when they tried to escape—it is the same inhumanity of man to men, monotonously recurrent in the story of man.

Yet the absolute uniqueness of each human action also shines out clearly in this great, sad, saga. Regler's father would take his children walking to learn "important matters," leading them across the much-disputed boundary between Germany and France, and, as they munched windfall apples, asked if they could taste the difference between the French apples and the German.

Regler, a boy filled with insane courage, volunteered to blow up a pillbox on the Chemin des Dames: years later, in a pinewood in Provence named Paradou he met a Frenchman wounded by his explosion, who had escaped from the hospital and deserted.

During his first marriage, Regler remembers, he worked against the German people in favor of the profiteers and purged his workers and worked "payola" in the most shameless way: "Looking back," he comments, "I simply do not know how I could have lent myself to these maneuvers." Perhaps St. Ignatius Loyola whose life he wrote in Moscow at Koltsov's behest, could have enlighted him as to how. . . .

The whole incredible story of the rise of the Nazis, the whole atmosphere of Moscow on the eve of the purges, the entire tragedy of the Spanish Civil War are shown—not told—in the most moving and brilliant series of vignettes. Out of a totally recalled life, Regler has selected just those stories, those tales, those incidents and conversations which made life significant. For, as Rilke pointed out, in life we stand night and day beside a huge waterfall, deafened and generally unable to profit by it: the difficulty is to pin life's significance, like a butterfly, onto paper. This Regler does.

As he explains here, to become a Communist in those days was an act of charity, "to avert one's head from the sour smell of hunger on a neighbor's breath was simply cowardice." Yet of all the utterly corrupt and horrible human beings with whom Regler came in contact, Streicher, the German Nazi, and Ulbricht, the German Communist, seem to have been the over-all nastiest—between them there is nothing to choose.

Through much of the horror and the heroism—and how full this life has been of both—shone the presence of Regler's second wife, the lovely Marie-Louise. She looked like Hitler's dream-girl, but was bored by Gustav's Socialist outpourings. For her "a hungry child meant simply that everyone was wrong." Yet in Mexico her German heritage made her approve the Aztec human sacrifices, and her favorite excursion was to Teotihuacan, where the altar had stood, on which the pre-Columbian priests took out the hearts of thousands upon thousands of human beings, more, proportionately, than either Hitler or Stalin, in our own time, managed to kill.

REVIEWERS

Father Leonard F. X. Mayhew, a frequent contributor, is a parish priest serving in Atlanta, Georgia.

Max Cosman writes for a number of critical and scholarly journals.

Anne Fremantle is the well-known *writer, lecturer and critic. Her most recent book is This Little Band of Prophets.*

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BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PRELATE

Edwin V. O'Hara: American Prelate
By J. G. Shaw.

When Archbishop Edwin Vincent O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City, Missouri, died in September, 1956, Kansas City flew its official flag at half mast, the only time this tribute has been paid any man other than a president of the United States.

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Fourteen Jazzy Items

WHEN last we attended to jazz iconoclast Charles Mingus, he involved us in a series of emotional experiences entitled "Mingus-Ah-Um." In "Mingus Dynasty" (Columbia), the bassist-who-thinks-for-himself shifts emphasis to executant freedom, permitting his seven to ten sidemen to range wide and free in selections that alternately fuse into traditional patterns, e.g. *Mood Indigo, Things Ain't What They Used To Be,* or ear-taxing, semi-chaotic polytonality, e.g., *Slop, Gunslingin' Bird.* Mingus's men react to this freedom of expression with solos of intensity and abandon. Pianist Roland Hanna steps out of the intricate crossfire for several assertive flights and Jerome Richardson's flute adds bite and edge to the ensemble. Between bands of calm and apparent calamity, one senses the guiding hand of Mingus, who somehow gives this self-willed music coherent form and direction. It may well be that the "Mingus Dynasty" will endure and develop when current pack leader Ornette Coleman's plastic horn has been melted down into guitar picks.

A ricky-tick note from the thirties is sounded in "The Art of Django Reinhardt" (Capitol). We are all conversant with John Lewis's moving, musical tribute to the late gypsy jazz guitarist but have not had readily-available recordings to assess Django's real talents until this release. Two of the four sides were cut in 1937 with the Hot Club of Paris quintet, when Django shared top billing with suave violinist Stephane Grappelly. Save for a 1945 *Swing Guitars,* the balance of the program was made in '37 and '39 with a variety of artists, including Americans Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, "Big Boy" Goudie and Dicky Wells. Although his style is now badly dated, Django's facility, beat and, in quieter passages, command of mood and subtle experimentation, mark him as the measure of his legend. This jazz document belongs in every collection that pretends to be complete.

A fine idea fizzled in "Road Show" (Capitol). Capitol's engineers rendezvoused with Stan Kenton's orchestra, the Four Freshmen, and ex-Kenton singer June Christy at Purdue university last fall to take down a complete concert. What they got was some loose swinging by the Kenton band, an equal measure of comedy and vocals by the Frosh, tedious comment from Stan and June Christy's head cold. The college crowd took it all big, but then they had just won a football game. A two-lp bomb.

"The Great, Wide World of Quincy Jones" (Mercury) embraces the earthy drive of Basie, the instrumental voicings of Sauter-Finegan and the outer-space imaginings of arrangers Ernie Wilkins, Bill Potts, Al Cohn and Ralph Burns. *Lester Leaps In* starts softly but builds easily to a flute-topped brass finish that rings in the minds for hours. And that's just band number one. Quincy's group is easily the best news in the band news since Basie and very probably the new standard.

"Ted Heath in Concert" (London) exhibits again the discipline and antiseptically-clean phrasing of Britain's Finest in conventional fare. Kenny Grahame's *Beaulieu Suite* is an attempt at jazz program music which just doesn't come off. Heath needs new ideas.

"Basie's Basement" (Camden) is no bargain, despite the $1.98 price tag. Apart from one or two Jimmy Rushing vocals, this is strictly sub-par Basie, from the lean, late forties. For Rushing in greater quantity and top quality, try the new "Rushing Lullaby" (Columbia).

Benny Goodman and orchestra take an easy ride through the recent Rodgers-Hammerstein score, "Sound of Music" (MGM). Goodman takes stage center with clean, joyful, uncomplicated blowing. A one-man show all the way.

Another clarinetist, Tony Scott, tackles another Broadway score, "Gypsy" (Signature), with indifferent results. The musical frame is less than substantial and Scott's heart just isn't in it.

"Workin' with the Miles Davis Quintet" (Prestige) is the latest release culled from Davis's sensational 1956 recordings. The 1956 ensemble was one of the ablest groups ever called together for sweet music's sake. While Coltrane, Chambers, "Philly" Joe Jones, Garland and Miles himself have done commendable things since, nothing

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has yet eclipsed their collective work in these sessions. *Trane's Blues* is the pick of an outstanding collection.

One of the Davis Five, Red Garland, put together a fair cocktail trio after the quintet broke up and waxed several finely-wrought sides on location. "Red Garland at the Prelude" (New Jazz) represents the cream of this brief but fruitful Garland-Specs Wright-Jimmy Rowser collaboration.

There is not much modern about the "Modern Jazz Disciples" (New Jazz). These five young musicians generate sounds that harken back to 1950 when bop was in full cry. Some interest attaches to Curtis Peagler's alto, but the session as a whole is almost quaint.

Three Frenchmen: Jacques Loussier, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; and Christian Garros, drums, bend their efforts to make a case for the oft-avowed affinity between Bach, the Baroque extemporizer, and today's ad-libbing jazzmen in "Play-bach" (London). Their presentation of several preludes and fugues and the famed *Toccata in D* is most convincing. Loussier doesn't fuss with the content of Bach's music; he merely sets them in varying tempos with rhythmic accents from Garros and chordal support from Michelot. The off-beat enterprise is surprisingly tasteful and absorbing.

Dave Brubeck essays another assortment of rebel airs in "Southern Scene" (Columbia) with his quartet or portions thereof. The mood is one of ease and laughter with Desmond doing a Goodmanesque romp in *Little Rock Getaway* and Brubeck barrelhousing through *Darktown Strutters' Ball*. Good, clean fun.

In "The Most Minor" (Everest), clarinetist John LaPorta confines himself to alto sax, an instrument over which he exerts deepening control. LaPorta is one of the most understandable men in jazz; not lightweight, but possessing a rare ability to communicate. His far-arching solo in the title selection is hauntingly effective. The quartet is filled out with Jack Reilly, Dick Carter and Charles Perry.

Don Wooten.

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